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THE TALK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.



# The Talk of the Household:

P O E M S.

BY

M A R I A N R I C H A R D S O N.

---

L O N D O N :

S. STRAKER & SONS, 26, LEADENHALL STREET.

1865.



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6t  
DEDICATION.

---

TO WHOM SHALL THIS SMALL TRIBUTE DEDICATED BE?  
SO MANY LOVES WITHIN MY HEART HOLD SWAY:  
FIRST THOU, MY OTHER SELF, WHOSE STRONG TRUE HEART  
HAS BEEN MY PILOT OVER ALL THE WAY;  
THEN YE, DEAR HONORED GUIDES OF EARLY YEARS—  
FATHER AND MOTHER—THRO' WHOSE LOVE WERE SHED  
THE SEEDS WHICH SPRINGING INTO LIGHT HAVE STREWN  
THESE LOWLY BLOSSOMS O'ER THE PATH I TREAD;  
AND YE, MY CHILDREN, WHO IN AFTER YEARS  
MAY DEARLY PRIZE THESE RECORDS OF OUR DAY  
WHEN THEY HAVE SUNK TO SILENCE IN THE PAST,  
AND SHE WHO WROTE THEM MAY HAVE PASSED AWAY.

*Lancaster House,*

*Peckham Rye.*

July, 1865.



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## Heroes.

---

THE World is proud to trace their names  
Upon her storied page,  
They are the stars whose glowing light  
Illumine every age.  
Bright from the buried past their deeds  
In undimmed lustre shine,  
And shining on, shall still endure,  
Remembered thro' all Time.

Who are they? Lo! a solemn crowd  
Comes to the mental gaze  
Of Mighty Ones; from Time's young years,  
E'en to these later days:

Some who have strode with conquering feet  
Through a deep crimson flood,  
And worn at last a Victor's crown  
Bought with the price of blood.

Some who have given Youth's fair hopes,  
And Manhood's golden prime,  
And all life's latest years to win  
Some treasures for their time.  
And some who fearless dared to raise  
Truth's standard proud and high  
In those dark times, when Truth confessed  
But led them forth to die.

These on the mountain's gilded crest—  
But, lo! the vales below  
Bear impress of heroic feet  
The World may never know.  
For many hidden lives of Toil,  
Obscure, unsung, unknown,  
Shine radiant in the narrow sphere,  
Content, they call their own.

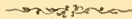
Some who have learned in darkest hours  
To work, and wait for day  
With patient hope—tho' clouds and storms  
Hung over all the way ;  
Some who have reckoned Duty done  
An all-sufficient price—  
Some who have triumphed over Self,  
Nor called it sacrifice.

For needs it not a hero's heart  
To chain Ambitions down  
To the flow wheels of dull routine,  
And patiently work on?  
To see Youth's glittering rainbow dreams  
Fade silently away,  
And yet be thankful for the gifts  
Still strewn upon the way.

To bear through weary days and nights,  
A bosom's load of grief,  
To crush the sorrow down, and find  
In *Work* its best relief ;

And even spare a tender hand  
To clear the thorny way,  
For bleeding feet, and breaking hearts  
Of wanderers gone astray.

So—tho' to Fame's bright muster-roll  
We lift a reverent eye,  
And hope to catch some golden gleams  
To light our footsteps by ;  
Yet humbler lives perchance fulfil  
The same divine behest,  
And he a *Hero too may be*  
Who nobly does his best.





## Common Things.

---

FULL oft the Poet's star-tuned harp  
 To noble themes has swept the strings,  
 But mine shall take a lowlier strain,  
 And sing the worth of Common Things.

Yes; common things: the daily round  
 Of Life's small duties nobly done,  
 May shed more brightness o'er the path  
 Than ever Poet harped or sung.

Ye who must toil, stay not to grieve  
 That Labour is your daily lot,  
 But know your toil-stained hands may hold  
 Gifts that the rich man knoweth not.

For common toil, well done, may bring  
 Rest sweeter than might else be known;  
 And sorrow loses half its sting  
 When men must work the heart-throbs down.

Though far beyond our reach may rise  
Summits we may not hope to gain ;  
The common path is bright with flowers,  
And Beauty smiles upon the plain.

For lo ! ten thousand glorious things  
To hearts that feel, and eyes that see,  
Are woven in that wondrous web—  
A Human Life's grand mystery.

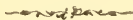
For us the sunlit morning hours,  
The gold shed o'er the death of day,  
The hush of eve, the silent night,  
The placid moonlight's silver ray.

And radiant stars, whose holy eyes,  
Like angel-watchers of the night,  
Look down alike on hut and hall,  
And shed their calm and peaceful light.

And nearer yet, the lowliest life  
Some dear heart-treasures may enfold  
Tho' common things ; Hearth, Home, and Love  
More precious are than gems or gold.

If not for all, for most there beams  
The brightness of some baby-face ;  
For most there waits some kindly smiles,  
Some loving words, some fond embrace.

We will be thankful then for all,  
And seize the blessings each day brings,  
For pure life's happiness distils  
Its sweetest drops from Common Things.



## Woman's Duties.—Woman's Mission.

---

WOMAN! thou needest no glory-wreaths  
 To glitter o'er thy name ;  
 'Tis not for thee to hurry on  
 In mad pursuit of Fame ;  
 For lo ! thou hast a nobler sphere  
 In that bright spot called Home,  
 Where thou may'st reign, and hold supreme  
 A Queendom all thine own.

What need Ambition be to thee,  
 Whose tasks, not light or few,  
 Embrace ambitions high enough  
 For thee to battle through ;  
 Not trifling things are Faith and Love  
 And self-denying zeal,  
 And Woman's pride of losing self  
 In other's woe or weal

And not ignoble is thy lot ;  
E'en in the daily round  
Of petty cares and common things  
Some glory may be found.  
For duties met and well-fulfilled,  
Bring to a loving heart  
A sweeter sense of happiness  
Than aught else can impart.

'Tis thine to cheer the weary one  
When Heart and Hope cast down,  
He turns his fainting heart away  
From Life's unpitying frown.  
And should the stronger spirit fail  
Of its best inward light,  
Thy quick perception, all in love,  
Should gently point The Right.

A thousand-stringèd harp is thine  
To wake the first sweet chords,  
When childhood smiles upon thy life,  
And lips its simple words ;

'Tis thine to catch the first lit smile,  
To mark each baby-grace,  
And gently lead the tottering steps  
Life's after-path to trace.

No lot so lonely, but thou may'st  
An influence impart;  
The pulse of Man's more stirring life  
If not the Head—the Heart;  
In deeds of kindness, works of good,  
A helper firm to stand;  
For Life's sweet charities to stretch  
A ready, willing hand.

This much, and more, is thine; so let  
The outside world in vain  
Allure thee from thy sheltered path  
With Pleasure, or with Fame.  
Hold fast thy silken reins aright,  
Thy quiet life shall be  
A source of blessing widely spread,  
A crown of light for thee.

## Charing Cross.

---

TRUTH ; ours are busy stirring times—  
 A stirring, working age—  
 Scant room there'll be for Soft Romance  
 Upon our History's page.  
 So mused I, as with lightning speed  
 I on my way was borne,  
 And through the City's mighty midst  
 With multitudes swept on.

On, past a world of wondrous things  
 My curious, gazing eye  
 Looked on with wonder, almost awe,  
 The scenes that passed me by.  
 Not glories of a bygone age,  
 But piles of princely grace,  
 Where mighty Commerce sits enthroned  
 Grand monarch of the place.

The miles of streets, all canopied  
With interlacing wire,  
Where the trained lightning waits to work  
At mortal man's desire;  
And the broad river, bridged, and spanned,  
Begirt, and overhung,  
With wondrous works of strength and skill  
Across its pathway flung.

An iron age—all work and noise.  
Yet does my heart not own,  
Some glory in these fame great works  
Which crowd our busy Town?  
And feel a throb of grateful pride  
For all the patient toil  
Of head, and hand, which thus has reared  
Such trophies on our foil.

But 'midst the wonders—what is this?  
The gazing eye may trace  
A structure not ordained for use—  
'This cross of antique grace.



Antique, yet fresh and fair it stands,  
— In the bright sunset glow,  
To tell the passing crowd a tale  
Of many a year ago.

Of how in ages rough and rude  
True love so bright could shine,  
That its warm glow has even reached  
Unto this later time.  
And lo! the busy world has paused  
Upon its stern career,  
To mark where wept the Soldier King  
Beside the “ dear Queen’s ” bier.

O let the sweet tradition fill  
Its pleasant fragrance fling,  
And let us feel that faithful love  
Is still a cherished thing ;  
Not only for the past held dear,  
Is this memorial stone,  
Our thoughts fly to our own dear Queen  
Who sits in grief alone.

And as its silent shadow falls  
    Across the crowded way,  
The ancient story comes again  
    Lit by a brighter ray ;  
For shined in *our* heart of hearts  
    Is Albert's memory ;  
And *now*, as then, we softened feel  
    True love can never die.

~~and then~~

## Dead Flowers on a Grave.

---

AH! ye were bright, when loving hands  
 Bestowed ye on the tomb,  
 Fresh from the garden's starry host,  
 With summer on your bloom ;  
 And mourning hearts and weeping eyes  
 With fond and gentle care,  
 Laid the last offering of their love  
 To fade, and perish there.

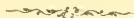
They came with memories of a form,  
 A loved and cherished one ;  
 A sunny smile for ever passed,  
 A voice of music gone.  
 Methinks I see their wistful gaze  
 Bent o'er the hallowed spot,  
 And catch the broken whispered words—  
 "She ne'er shall be forgot."

But now, fair flowers, in your dead bloom  
I read a filent tale,  
How dearest memories muſt fade,  
And deepeſt love muſt fail ;  
A bitter thought might whiſper now,  
It is the common lot  
To live, to love, and then to die,  
And be at laſt—forgot.

But no ! tho' on the creſted waves  
Of forrow ſome are borne,  
A voice Divine hath ſpoken it,  
“ Man ſhall not always mourn ; ”  
Hands muſt not ever folded be  
In mute and paſſive woe ;  
The ſunſhine cometh after rain,  
And God hath willed it ſo.

Still muſt Life's common road be trod  
Tho' faireſt things have fled,  
And we muſt live, and care for ſtill  
The Living, not the Dead.

Well that 'tis so; for One who lulled  
The sleepers to their rest,  
Has loved them more than we can love,  
Therefore, it must be best.  
And lo! for us a silver star  
Pierces the midnight gloom;  
E'en Immortality which shines  
Triumphant o'er the tomb.



## Cobden's Return.

*(After the Ratification of the French Treaty.)*

---

RISE, Men of Britain—ye who boast  
 Your Country fair and free,—  
 The land that reigns in regal pride,  
     Crowned Empress of the Sea!  
 First among nations in her power,  
     Her liberty, her lore,—  
 Shout welcome as her Patriot Son  
     Regains his native shore.  
 Ye proudly count the noble names  
     Of England's Hero-Sons,  
 Placed high upon the muster-roll  
     Of Earth's exalted ones.  
 Full oft your thousand spires have pealed  
     A Nation's glad acclaim  
 To those, who, on the field of blood  
     Have earned a victor's name :

We honour, too, the true and brave,  
Who, foremost in the strife,  
For Hearth, and Home, and Liberty,  
Have freely ventured life ;  
But o'er their glory comes a cloud,  
Their laurels,—bathed in blood,—  
Shine dimly, glistening through the tears  
Of stricken Orphan-hood.  
But now no plumèd Warrior comes,  
*No laurels* crown the brow  
Of *Him*—before whose sense of right  
Have Empires deigned to bow.  
A man of peace, yet one who dared  
To hurl his gauntlet down,  
And stand the “CHAMPION OF FREE TRADE,”  
Fearless of scorn or frown !  
Then welcome him, this earnest man,  
Whose powers of heart and brain,  
Whose life-long hope has been to this  
Great triumph, to attain—  
This “Victor” of a bloodless strife  
Who asks no nobler gain  
Than that his “Brother Men” should say,  
“He has not toiled in vain.”

His deeds let "Trade and Commerce" tell,  
Whose flood-gates, opened wide,  
For future years rich spoils shall bear  
Upon their mighty tide.  
His deeds, the League of years gone by,  
Our cheapened daily food;—  
Ah! men unborn shall truly say  
"He worked his country's good."

—*and so on*—



## The Sons of Toil.

---

YE working men, I hold your name  
 A title proud to bear,  
 As his who claims to be the Lord  
 Of acres broad and fair.  
 Your place may be in Life's dim ways,  
 Your work obscure, unknown,  
 While often clouded o'er with care  
 The toiling years pass on.  
 What matter tho' the world of wealth  
 May never hear your name,  
 Each working man may hold a place  
 The rich can never claim.  
 Monarchs of toil, whose strength of arm  
 And wondrous skill of hand,  
 Have crowned with mighty monuments  
 Your own beloved land.

Your hearts may glow with honest pride,  
    To feel that British soil  
Owes all its glory and its wealth  
    To British Sons of Toil.  
Hard work, hard fare, may be your lot ;  
    But patience to endure  
And courage in the hour of pain  
    Are learned through being poor.  
The hard-earned crust, the lowly roof,  
    Great blessings though they be,  
Are not enough for all your need,  
    Nor all that you shall see :  
As ye have skilful hands to work,  
    So ye have hearts to feel,  
And heads to think what most will make  
    Your future woe or weal.  
Only to Him who gave you these,  
    And to yourselves be true,  
And ye shall find what mighty things  
    United strength can do.  
United striving to seek out,  
    For all that's pure and good,  
Helping each other on the way  
    In loving brotherhood.

Rising above life's meaner things  
To seek a higher goal,  
Since ye have learned the deepest grave  
Can not entomb the soul.  
Only have faith—faith in your God,  
And faith in fellow-man,  
Faith in your own strong earnest will  
To do the best you can.

---

## Lancashire.

---

THOU hast thy rivers broad and bright  
 Thy rugged, gorse-clad fells ;  
 Thy shady nooks, thy murmuring streams,  
 Thy sun-lit flowery dells.  
 And round thee stand, like sentinels,  
 Thy mountains grand and hoar ;  
 While ocean's billows foam, and break  
 Upon thy pebbly shore.

And in thy midst, like Ethiop-Queens,  
 Are cities, fwarth and grand ;  
 Whose work achieves, whose wealth upholds,  
 The glory of the land.  
 "Time-honoured Lancaster," too, holds  
 Her "Gaunt's embattled pile,"  
 Which, grey and grand, still rears its crest,  
 In ancient kingly style.

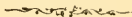
But thou hast more, O Lancashire!  
A tale can now be told,  
Of greater glory than belongs  
To memories of old.  
The times of knightly chivalry  
Have ages passed away,  
But thou of nobler courage tell'st  
In this our modern day :

A tale of brave men nerved to bear  
The bitterest weight of woe,  
With hearts as patient to endure,  
As mortal man may know.  
God grant the clouds are passing now,  
Which wrapt thee in their gloom ;  
That never more strong men may starve  
Beside the silent loom.

Thine was the pain, O Lancashire!  
Thy country's was the pride!  
That Faith and Hope were not o'erwhelmed  
In such a fearful tide.

The nation laid her offering down,  
As friend bestows on friend ;  
The nation thanks the patient hearts  
Which suffered to the end.

If haply, never more for us  
The snow-white crops shall wave ;  
If peaceful fields and happy homes,  
Become one mighty grave ;  
Still o'er the sea from other lands,  
We hope the welcome store,  
And trust that *thou*, brave Lancashire,  
Shall pine in want no more.



## Earlswood.

---

NOT lost! tho' forth from those dull eye  
     No soul may seem to shine,  
 And though a dark mysterious veil  
     Obscures the light divine;  
 We must not question Him who made  
     His creatures so forlorn,  
 But only use love's power to prove  
     Not lost the Idiot-born.

Not lost! but won to life and hope,  
     By patient, gentle care,  
 Although it be but *one* fair flower  
     The poor blank life may bear.  
 One thought, that God is great and good,  
     One hope to gild its way,—  
 Though but a single spark gleams forth,  
     'Twill that kind care repay.

So thought a noble toiling man,  
Whose chosen pathway led  
'Midst those dark ways where deepest want  
And darkest woe are spread.  
He thought, and lo! the princely front  
Of Earlswood towered to heaven,  
Home of as regal charity  
As e'er to woe was given.

He watched it while his life's last sands  
Were passing one by one,  
Then gently laid him down to die  
Ere yet the task was done ;  
A monument most coveted,  
A good man's legacy,  
Left for his country to maintain,  
And, reader, left to thee.

Man ! standing proud in giant strength  
Of intellect and brain,  
O pass not these poor idiots by,  
In all their helpless pain,



Without a thought, a pause, a prayer,  
On humble bended knees,  
That, but for God's great gift to thee,  
Thou might be such as these.

Mother! who know'st the heart's deep thrill  
Of grateful, warm delight,  
When little eyes beam on thine own,  
Intelligent and bright;  
O feel for these poor human waifs,  
Cast on life's stormy tide,  
And help the hands which thus have fought  
This shelter to provide.

This home for which, in earnest voice,  
'Tis charity that pleads,  
Sons! Daughters! from your happier spheres,  
Come, help us in our needs;  
That Heaven will send you recompense,  
From whence nor flight nor scorn,  
Nor aught but gentlest pitying love,  
Beholds the Idiot-born.

## Kind Words.

---

O THEY are gifts of little cost,  
 But yet of priceless worth!  
 Kind words—I count their tones among  
 The precious things of Earth.  
 Theirs is the Music of the Hearth;  
 Music, whose gentle tone  
 Hath mighty power to make the charm  
 Of happiness at home.

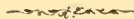
Kind, gentle words! Who hath not felt  
 What balm of healing power  
 Distils from their soft influence,  
 In Sorrow's darkened hour?  
 Low whispering to the poor, crushed heart,  
 Hope's precious angel-strain,  
 That through its tears it may look up  
 To Joy, and Peace, again.

Kind Words! Oh use them! Thou shalt find  
Them weapons, strong and true,  
For work, which Force, and angry threats,  
Perchance, have failed to do.  
For they have melted stubborn hearts;  
And many a wandering one  
Has turned upon the downward path,  
By power of kindness won.

Great gifts are those of wealth and power;  
But cold and drear 'twould be,  
Were they our only drifting spars  
Upon Life's troubled sea;  
For shining gold doth often fail  
True comfort to impart;  
And burning eloquence doth fall  
Coldly upon the heart.

Poor human nature ever craves  
Its meed of human love;  
"Love one another," spake the lips  
Of Him who dwells above.

So let that teaching be our guide :  
And when all else doth fail  
In woe, or sickness—we shall find  
The power of Love prevail !



## After the Pestilence, 1849.

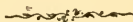
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THE shade has fallen on many a hearth,  
 And dimm'd the sunlight there ;  
 And hearts which once with joy were full,  
 Are breaking in despair.  
 Voices are hush'd which late had borne  
 Life's music on their tone ;  
 And darling ones have pass'd away  
 For ever from their home.

Ye, on whose hearts no sick'ning pang  
 Has come from Death's swift hands ;  
 Around whose hearth no vacant place  
 In desolation stands ;  
 No music hush'd, no glad smile pass'd,  
 No love and beauty gone—  
 No tomb sprung up amid your joys  
 For you to weep upon.

O from the homes so richly blessed  
Let songs of praise rise up  
In gratitude to Him who spares  
The bitter from the cup ;  
And 'midst your yet unwither'd joys,  
Look round on those less blest ;  
And learn, oh, deeply learn to feel  
Pity for those distress'd.

Ye may not fill the aching void  
Of sorrow in the heart ;  
But gentle words of sympathy  
At least some joys impart.  
Tho' myriad gifts are o'er ye flung,  
The best that Heaven bestows  
Is that blest power of sympathy  
For other's joys or woes.



## Look on the Sunny Side.

---

STAY ; ye who tread Life's chequered path  
 With murmuring on the lip,  
 Who grasp the thorns of every flower,  
 Nor stop the sweets to sip,  
 Grieve not o'er trifles ; this world holds  
 Enough of grief beside,  
 And ye are blest compared to some—  
 Look on the Sunny Side.

Stay ; ye so ready to believe  
 Ill of your fellow men ;  
 Are ye then faultless, that ye fit  
 In judgment over them ?  
 None in perfection walk the Earth,  
 And faults oft virtues hide ;  
 Then judge them lightly, if at all,  
 And choose the Sunny Side.

The Sunny Side ; ah me ! to some  
    Poor forrow-stricken ones  
The words seem shadows of a time  
    Whose brightness never comes ;  
Or memories of years gone by,  
    A glad and blithesome strain  
Of music which has bless'd them once,  
    But ne'er may wake again.

But, though 'tis so—though o'er your path  
    Sorrows fall thick and fast—  
Though love has chilled, and many joys  
    Are buried in your past—  
Though sad, and lone, and desolate,  
    You think e'en Hope denied ;  
Look up for help, for every life  
    Must have a Sunny Side!

—



## The Voice of the Fallen.

---

OUR SISTERS! even ye who sweep  
 In lofty virtue by,  
 The curl of scorn upon your lip,  
 And cold, averted eye;  
 And Brothers, too! whose mocking jest  
 Is all we dare to claim,  
 Tho' from your midst *one first* laid out  
 Our wretched path of shame.

Oh pause, and pity; woe is ours!  
 Woe, dark, abiding, deep,  
 Though ours are hearts that may not break,  
 And eyes which may not weep;  
 Think not that all our history  
 Lies in the practised wile,  
 The tinsel garb, the painted cheek,  
 The heartless, hollow smile!

Ah no! for *even us* there comes  
Dark flooding o'er the foul,  
A tide of mortal agonies,  
Resistless, past control,  
Upon whose waves no glancing light  
Of hope may kindled be,  
Nought but the blackness of despair  
And untold misery.

Yet 'twas not ever thus! far back  
The buried Past could show  
Fair budding hopes, too bright, too pure  
To linger with us now;  
When joy and innocence, and love,  
And Home's blest household shrine,  
Bedeck'd with fairest blossomings,  
Were ours, as well as thine.

But now, our eyes may never meet  
Affection's answering gaze—  
No hallowed love may crown our life  
Or weep upon our graves—

No hope, no light for such as we  
Sin-stained and sorrow-crushed—  
The hard world's unforgiving scorn  
Will keep us in the dust.

Is there no kindly voice to plead  
In Charity's blest name,  
No hand stretched forth in such a cause  
To save, to win, reclaim?  
No tongue to tell that sin like this  
*May hope* to be forgiven,  
And whisper, "E'en for such as these  
There may be Peace and Heaven?"

For, with some far-off memories  
Of stainless, happy years,  
There comes a story lingering still  
E'en in our deafened ears,  
Of One who raised a Magdalene,  
Nor spurned her from His door,  
But in His holy Temple said—  
"Go forth! and sin no more."

O point the path! some hearts might turn  
To seek the better way,  
And live to bless the hand which strove  
To turn their night to day.  
Faint not, tho' hopeless seem the task;  
Thrice blest shall be that hand,  
Whose strength was given to wipe away  
A foul stain from the land.

—

## A Temperance Song.

---

SHOUT, Britain's sons, your British song,  
 Ring forth the noble staves,  
 And sound the joyful promise forth,  
 Ye never will be slaves.  
 For though ye fear no foreign foe,  
 And own no despot's thrall,  
 Ye have a tyrant in your midst  
 More cruel than them all.

'Tis Drink, that fierce relentless foe,  
 Who, in his greed of gain,  
 Takes youth, and hope, and happiness,  
 And strength of arm and brain.  
 He robs your manhood of its pride ;  
 Your childhood of its grace ;  
 And womanhood at his command  
 Forgets all pleasant trace.

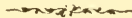
All gentle love, all tender care,  
All peace of hearth and home,  
Are trampled out, defied, forgot,  
Where this fell-fiend has come,  
The lives which else had shone so fair,  
Are withered by his breath,  
And know no other end than these :  
Madness, despair, and death.

O, see the ruin of his sway !  
See all the woe, and pain,  
In places which were happy homes,  
Till Drink, the tyrant, came,  
And stripped the hearth, once bright and warm,  
The board with plenty spread,  
And clutched with cruel grasping hands,  
The starving children's bread.

This is the despot, brother men,  
O spurn his cruel chain,  
Sure honest brows will scorn to bear,  
His burning brand of shame.

Your skill of hand, your strength of arm,  
Your need of honest toil,  
God gives you for a noble use,  
Not for this demon's spoil.

Then by all happy memories,  
All hopes of joys to come,  
Pledge honest vows that ne'er again,  
His brutish sway you'll own.  
And sing again your noble song,  
In glad and joyful staves,  
Happy, and Free ; God helping us,  
“ We never will be Slaves ! ”



## The City Missionary.

---

To some t'is given to tread the path,  
 Of Glory, and of Fame,  
 To die ere yet the victor's wreath,  
 May blossom o'er their name.

And when t'is gained, alas! the meed  
 Of long, and toiling years  
 So longed for, and so hardly won,  
 Is stained with blood, and tears.

A different struggle thine; the fight,  
 'Gainst ignorance, and sin,  
 In life's dark ways, un Sung, unknown,  
 Is yet as hard to win.

The weary days, and anxious nights,  
 The efforts oft in vain,  
 When drear, and hopeless seems the task,  
 The lost ones to reclaim,



Are nobler conquest; and a Crown,  
Whose glory shall not die,  
Thou, Soldier of the Cross may'st win,  
For all Eternity.

*—*

## The Exile's Grave.

---

THIS past, thy time of strife and pain,  
 Thy life's long agony,  
 And thou art gone where strife shall cease,  
 And tears be wiped away.  
 At Rest—in peace—we leave thee here  
 Beneath our English skies,  
*No longer Exile*, in that Heaven,  
 Where thy brave soul shall rise :  
 Son of that noble Land, for whom  
 Thou would'st have died to save,  
 Her tyrants cannot reach thee here,  
 Within thy quiet grave.  
 Our tears avail thee nothing now,  
 This shall thy requiem be—  
 The Patriots' spirit cannot die,  
 And "Poland shall be *Free*."

## Stanzas.

ART thou ever the same, with the jest on thy lip,  
 And the light laughter flung on thy mirth-loving  
 brow?

Are thy joys, and thy sorrows all those of the surface,  
 Art thou ever as careless, as mirthful as now?

I would not thou wert like the Summer-winged rover,  
 That lightly from blossom to blossom e'er flies;  
 Tho' its track be the Sunbeam, its flight ever glowing,  
 There's no one to weep when the butterfly dies.

Is the light laugh of pleasure enough to entrance thee?  
 Does Life yield thee no deeper blessings than mirth?  
 Hast thou never yet lived thro' those thought-hallowed  
 moments,  
 Which will raise thee far higher than visions of Earth.

Pass on in thy path; may it ever be shining,  
 For smiles are the Heaven-sent charters of youth;  
 But Oh! may'st thou *too* learn to feel, the deep gladness  
 That wells pure and sweet from the fountain of Truth.

In Memory of the Late  
S. Gregson, Esq., M.P. for Lancaster.

---

TOLL deep, toll slow, ye solemn bells!  
Grief's saddest music learn,  
For one has journeyed from your midst,  
To never more return.

Full oft and loud ye've welcomed him  
In peals of glad acclaim,  
But now strike low, and soft, and sad,  
He will not come again.

What tho' he bore the honoured weight  
Of man's allotted years,  
His vacant place must *here* be marked  
With sorrow and with tears.

Missed in yon busy world where late  
With his compeers he stood,  
Spoke his last words, used his last powers,  
To labour on for good.

Missed there : but thou, oh Lancaster !

Tenfold the miss will prove,  
For, tho' afar, he may have shone  
*Thou* had'st his heart of love.

And most to thee was that kind voice,  
That pleasant, kindling eye ;  
That "good, grey head," which never passed  
Unmarked, unhonoured, by.

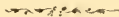
How oft, when wearied with the strife,  
He came for peace and rest,  
And found them in the quiet scenes  
He ever loved the best—

Thy moor, thy river, and thy hills,  
Thy crag-encircled sea,  
And far beyond, thy silent peaks  
Rising in majesty.

These loved he—but not only these,  
His kind and generous heart  
Turned to the people of the place,  
And filled a brother's part.

No grander monument can be  
Than that raised by his hands,  
The fane which on yon moorland-side,  
In sacred beauty stands.

And many another work of love  
Will long his worth proclaim,  
And wreath with grateful memories  
His loved and honoured name.



## Comforted.

---

ALONE, alone, e'en in the midt,  
 Of yonder glittering throng;  
 Where every lip bore Pleasure's smile,  
 And every voice her song:  
 Tho' youth was her's, and all her path  
 With gems, and flowers seem'd bright,  
 And she upon the shining way,  
 Shone as a peerless light.

Young, rich, and beautiful, and yet  
 The world's gay thoughtless round  
 Of wit and mirth, bore to her heart  
 A weary, empty found;  
 One voice was hush'd, one heart was cold,  
 One dear loved smile was gone,  
 And all the rest seem'd nothingness—  
 Alas! she was alone.

Where might she flee? where find the rest  
Her young heart fought in vain?  
Where nurse the grief, which now must shroud  
All future years in pain?  
That memory of him so loved,  
So loving, and so brave,  
Sleeping beneath a far-off sky,  
Within a foldier's grave.

O should she, wandering 'neath the shade  
Of her ancestral trees,  
Find comfort in the tears, and sighs  
Breathed on each passing breeze;  
Or loving sun, and silent stars,  
And gentle silvery moon,  
Only because their light was shed  
Upon that far-off tomb!

Not so! those same bright sun and stars,  
Brought to her drooping heart,  
Some thoughts of Him who bade them shine,  
And gave to each his part



Of light, and labour in the world,  
Nor had withheld her own,  
Henceforth she too would venture forth,  
Nor mourn she was alone.

And He who ruled the waters wild,  
And bade the tempest cease,  
Looked down upon His weary child,  
And softly whispered "Peace:"  
Taught her to find in life's dark ways,  
Grief deeper than her own,  
And learn to feel in healing it,  
She need not be alone.

And so her youthful years went by,  
When o'er our startled land,  
Came tales of sorrow from afar,  
Tales of our hero-band,  
Who went to battle for th' oppressed  
On the Crimean plains,  
Dying in bitter cold, neglect,  
With none to soothe their pains.

Thither she went, where men's strong hearts  
Had sickened, shrunk, and quailed,  
Her woman's spirit fainted not,  
Her woman's heart ne'er failed :  
Within Scutari's 'leagured walls,  
Where victims of the war  
Lay stretched in life's last agony  
From Home, and friends afar.

What wonder that to them she seemed  
An angel from above,  
Whose white hands smoothed their dying beds—  
Whose lips breathed words of love ;  
Who pointed up to Heav'n their eyes  
And bade them learn in death,  
To bear their pain unmurmuring,  
And peaceful yield their breath.

What wonder, too, that brightest far  
All other names beside,  
We English women count her name  
Most worthy of our pride ;

And write for her—whose heart leaped up—  
At such a noble call,  
“Many have wisely done, and well,  
But *thou* excellest *all*.”



## Wrecked !

---

IN a lonely corner of the quiet churchyard of the once secluded, but now popular watering-place of Walton-on-the-Naze, apart from other graves, may be seen a small monumental stone—*nameless*; but bearing the word “MISERERE,” with two appropriate texts. This was erected by subscription among some of the visitors who were enjoying the sea-breezes in that locality during the summer of 1856, and whose sympathies were aroused by the sad incident which the following lines will tell :—

POOR broken heart! above thy grave,  
 Unhonoured and unknown,  
 Shall no relentless words be breathed,  
 No stern rebukings come ;  
 But tears of pity shed their dew  
 Upon that nameless grave,  
 Whose only requiem has been,  
 The wailing of the wave.

No heart can tell the agony  
 Thy quivering spirit bore,  
 Ere its fierce madness drove thee on  
 To seek th' eternal shore,

And silenced e'en the Mother's voice  
— In thy grief-stricken breast,  
Or, for thy Babe thou might'st have lived,  
And left to God the rest.

Oh! that some voice of love had breathed,  
In that last dreadful hour,  
And poured into thy weary heart  
The balm of healing power,—  
Had told of Hope, and Peace, and Heaven,  
And snatched thee from thy fate,—  
For there was even peace for *thee*,  
Tho' more than desolate.

We weep for thee, unhappy child  
Of sorrow and of shame,  
Thy Beauty's sun, gone down for aye,  
Behind a clouded name;  
But most we weep the wasted wealth  
Of Woman's faith and trust,  
The treasure of affection poured  
To mingle with the dust.

But there is one, upon whose heart  
A weary weight will dwell,  
And in whose ears, through life, shall ring  
The echo of thy knell, —  
In brightest scenes and happiest hours,  
A gloomy shade shall fall,  
(Tho' fairest flowers his path may strew,)  
Dark as funereal pall.

The ashes of thy blated peace  
Shall rise in forms of strife,  
And dash with bitterest memories  
His sweetest cup of life.  
Though far away may be his home  
The voices of the sea  
Shall haunt his dreams with one sad song—  
The memory of THEE.

— — — — —

## The Passing Crowd.

---

IT surges on—sweeps past my gazing eye,  
 I, but an unit on the billows borne,  
 Of this great torrent of humanity,  
 Amid its thousands, friendless, and alone.

On with the busy crowd, yet as I go,  
 With curious interest I strive to trace,  
 Some glimpses of the hidden heart and life,  
 Written upon each silent unknown face.

Here youth's bright eyes and fair unfurrowed brow,  
 Tell their own tale of Hope! and light within,  
 Undimmed as yet by touch of pain or care,  
 Unmarred by the yet deeper stain of sin.

Hard faces meet me—stern-set, brooding brow,  
 With lines of Beauty long since clouded o'er,  
 And lips compressed with weight of anxious care,  
 As if the smile might never part them more.

Here sweeps along—kid-gloved Prosperity,  
In speckless broad-cloth, or in filken sheen,  
While Poverty in Rags, cold, gaunt, and pale,  
In miserable contrast steps between.

And so it rolls, this mighty tide of life,  
Each by a separate impulse swept along,  
Each heart's own purposes, and cares, and joys,  
Borne silently, and veiled from the throng.

Whither, or to what goal each footstep bends  
In Joy, or Sorrow, that I may not know,  
Some o'er Life's flowery ways of pleasant ease,  
Some o'er the thorny path of Want and Woe.

Nought to the Multitude; yet each a part  
Of some loved circle where they reign supreme,  
Each dear and beautiful to some fond heart,  
Where tears, and smiles may find their answering  
gleam.

And each one guided on the busy way,  
Watched over by the same unsleeping eye,  
Cared for by One—The One who bade them live,  
And traced each path beneath his own broad sky.



## City Graves.

---

LITTLE to thee—perchance these plots  
 Of homely burial ground,  
 Leads to the busy world of wealth,  
 Which circle them around,  
 Yet *all* to some, within whose hearts,  
 Long will the memory stay  
 Of tender love which blest them once  
 For ever past away.

No marble pomp may crown the place,  
 No blossoms deck the soil,  
 Where peaceful rest 'mid London's strife  
 Her sons of want and toil ;  
 Yet are they spots of hallowed ground,  
 By every tear-drop shed,  
 By all the anguish which embalms,  
 The Memory of the Dead.

Then let the sleepers rest, while yet  
Affection's foot may come,  
And wistful pause in tender love,  
Beside their last long home.  
While yet those eyes which wept so long,  
Their yearning gaze may turn,  
Where sank the sun-light of their lives  
To never more return.

To ev'ry name which love has traced,  
Above the burial spot,  
The sweep of Time and Change shall come,  
And write its doom "Forgot."  
Yet for awhile let reverent hands  
The spoiler's task delay,  
At least till those who loved them once,  
Shall all have past away.

---

## City Trees.

BRIGHT TREES! ye're always beautiful,  
Dressed in your living green,  
Flinging your pleasant shadows down,  
With sunlit spots between.  
By homes that nestle in your shade,  
O'er landscapes smiling fair,  
O precious gifts, ye shine, and wave  
A blessing everywhere.

But here a tenfold charm ye have,  
Here, in the throbbing heart  
Of London; claiming even there  
For nature still a part,  
And flinging o'er the busy way  
Where rolls that mighty tide  
Of eager, restless human life,  
Some pleasant thought beside.

For though some eyes may be too dim,  
Some hearts too hard, or cold,  
To mark your beauty where ye shed  
Your glorious green and gold.  
To many another weary one  
That beauty shining fair  
May bring some hopes of happy things—  
Some little rest from care.

The stranger, lonely 'midst the throng,  
Afar from friends and home,  
May catch a glimpse of leaf and bough,  
And feel not quite alone.  
His fainting heart bowed down beneath  
A weight of anxious fear,  
May courage take, and seeing you  
Feel that God too is here.

Then spare the City Trees—ye men  
Whose eager footsteps press,  
To span with works of giant might  
This crowded wilderness.

No voice here speaks to stay the course  
Of Great Improvement's plan,  
But when ye see a pleasant tree,  
Oh! spare it, if ye can.

— — — — —

## The Poor Man to his Richer Brother,

*After a long Season of Distress in the Winter of 1861-2.*

---

THANK GOD! 'tis past—the bitter hour  
 Of keenest want and woe.  
 How bitter only those can tell  
 Who the fierce cravings know  
 Of Poverty in *all* its pain—  
 Food, light, and warmth denied;  
 When other men, more fortunate,  
 Enjoy their snug fireside.

Ye felt the blast whose icy breath  
 Bound as with iron bands  
 Alike the currents and the soil,  
 And stopped the willing hands,  
 Which else in honest toil had wrought  
 To earn their daily bread,  
 And keep the shelter of a roof  
 Above each weary head.

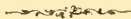
Ye felt it, tho' well clad and filled,  
Soft laid, and warmly housed.  
Pain,—almost death it seemed to us,  
Which but your slumber roused.  
O, did your thankful hearts then turn  
To help a brother's need?  
And open wide a generous hand  
The helpless ones to feed?

Ye did, and may a blessing rest—  
The blessing of the Poor—  
Upon each kindly heart who gave,  
From its more liberal store;  
That charity, whose rich full streams,  
Unchecked, have thus been poured,  
In the dark hour of bitter need,  
God surely will reward.

If there's a bond 'twixt man and man  
More noble and more good  
Than all the rest, 'tis, when close linked  
In Holy Brotherhood,

They look abroad, and seek to shed  
A little gleam of light  
Upon the path which else would be  
Black, piercing, starless night.

And if a recompense is gained  
Sweeter than all the rest,  
It waits upon that toil of love  
Which, *bleffing*, shall be blest ;  
There flows across the large, warm heart  
Which felt a Brother's woes—  
A deep, full tide of happiness  
That nothing else bestows.





## America in the midst of War.

---

AMERICA! thou Sister-land  
 Bound by no common ties  
 To British hearts who link thy name  
 With sacred memories;  
 We cannot watch with careless eyes  
 Or stand indifferent by  
 While throbs thine heart's core in the throes  
 Of War's great agony.

And yet, 'tis not for North or South  
 We, looking from afar,  
 Can take the part. We only pray  
 One issue from this war:  
 And that, thou glorious Western World  
 So proudly called "The Free,"  
 O'er all thy vast expanse may know  
 The truth of Liberty.

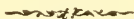
We watch and pray, that through thy land  
The strife of blood may cease,  
That once again serene shall rise  
The Holy Star of Peace.  
That, where thy swords are laid to rest  
Within a blood-stained grave,  
There, too, may lie as useless things  
The fetters of the Slave!

For we remember 'twas thy soil  
Our Pilgrim Fathers trod  
When first they wandered forth to find  
Freedom, to worship God.  
For ever must their memory  
Unite our souls to thee,  
And by that memory we pray  
Thou may'st again be free.

O North! with all thy wealth and strength,  
Can nothing now erase  
This fierce and bitter strife which burns  
In bosoms of one race?

O South! with all thine ancient love  
Of noble chivalry,  
Can't thou not take thy brother's hand  
And fling thy weapons by?

Not grasping take, not craven yield,  
But each in sorrow meet  
To own ye've much to be forgiven,  
And each much to forget.  
Then, from thy stormy night may rise  
A brighter, clearer day,  
And its fair dawn behold thy *curse*  
Of Slavery swept away.



## Poland in 1862-3.

---

THE years which brought to other lands  
 New hopes, new liberty,  
 Have darkly broken on thy shores,  
 And borne no joys for thee.  
 Poor Poland! yet no falt'ring hands,  
 No craven hearts were thine,  
 'Midst those who've learned to bear and wait  
 Until th' appointed time—

The time when all thy sons might rise  
 Bound in one brotherhood,  
 To win the freedom of their soil  
 E'en with their heart's life-blood.  
 And lo, 'tis come! the burning wrongs  
 Long stern and silent borne,  
 The pent-up passion breaks at length—  
 One fierce and mighty storm.

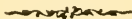
One common vengeance fires each heart,  
— One hope burns in each breast,  
To break the Muscovite's stern yoke,  
    And trust God for the rest.  
No thirst of conquest or of gain  
    Has borne them thro' this strife,  
Who only ask—our human right—  
    Sweet Liberty! dear life!

But courage, Poland! that deep wail  
    Wrung from thy heart's despair,  
Has thrill'd earth's nations and awoke  
    Responsive echoes there.  
They watch'd thy throes with bated breath:  
    Oh! could they bear to see  
Thee fall, when one strong helping arm  
    Had made thee blest and free?

But thou hast hoped and waited long,  
    And in thy night of woe—  
Pale—wary-eyed thou wanderest forth  
    Thy bitterest fate to know,

And on the heart of Europe laid  
Thy hand in trembling quest—  
To find it pulseless, cold and still  
For all thou lovest best.

Then sadly turned thee back to seek  
Thy defoliated throne  
To bravely strive and suffer still  
Unaided and alone.  
Alas! 'tis now a martyr's crown  
That shines upon thy brow,  
And God, who see't all thy pain,  
Alone can help thee now.



## The Cry from Circassia.

---

In the summer of 1861, there came to our shores two delegates from Circassia to represent to our Government the hapless condition of their native land, then resisting to the utmost the tyranny of Russia. They were also the bearers of a petition to our Queen, couched in the most pathetic simplicity, that some measures (not warlike, but merely remonstrative) might be taken by England to check that cruel aggression. The sorrowful conclusion of the struggle is known to all, but the following poem is a paraphrase of their touching petition, which may not be so generally known.

O BROTHERS of the fair, free land,  
 On the far western wave,  
 In this our hour of sad despair,  
 We ask your power to save.  
 For o'er the distant land and sea,  
 To our wild mountain home,  
 A tower of strength, a star of hope,  
 Your name and fame have come.  
 The story of your noble deeds  
 For liberty and right,  
 Has bade our sad despairing hearts,  
 Yet look for joy's sweet light.

Long years have sped since peace or joy  
Have smiled upon our land—  
For many years we have fought and bled,  
To stay the oppressor's hand—  
The grasping power which fain would bind  
Our free limbs, with her chain ;  
And wipe from out the nations roll,  
Circassia's stainless name.  
Oh, must it be that thus for aye,  
Our out-poured blood and tears,  
Must fail to save the homes we've held,  
For full five thousand years ?  
Why must we see our manhood's prime,  
Our fair youth's golden life,  
For ever wasted in the throes,  
Of this unequal strife ?  
While other lands rejoicing, reap  
The treasures of their soil,  
We dare not stay to taste the sweets,  
Of rest or honest toil.  
Yet from the Caspian's silver tide,  
To Euxine's flowery shores,  
The land we yet can call our own,  
Is rich in golden stores ;



And Elbrou's mighty steep looks down  
Upon a scene as fair,  
As though no deeds of bloody strife,  
Were daily acted there.  
O England, not your wealth, or blood,  
But your all-powerful word  
We ask, to bid our sorrows cease,  
And sheath the despot's sword.  
Give this, and we are free; wiped out  
Our agonies, our tears:  
And in our joy, we may forget  
The woes of fifty years.

1864.

Two summers' suns have shed their glow,  
O'er English hearths and homes,  
Since, o'er the land this last sad wail  
Breathed out its mournful tones.  
To us, two years of hope, and peace,  
But what can now be said  
Of those brave, patient, suffering hearts,  
Whose last faint hope is dead.  
We heard—but heeded not—and they  
Far from their own loved land,

Faint, fall, and die—crushed out at last  
By Russia's ruthless hand.  
Too late—O England, e'en for thee  
To help, or save them now ;  
Yet Russia with her blood-stained hands,  
Is *scarce more wrong* than thou.  
But haply, tho' it seem in vain  
Thy late repentance comes ;  
Though thou can't never build again  
Those outraged mountain homes ;  
Some kindly sympathy of thine  
May soft, and gently fall,  
Once, it was granted thee *to help*,  
But *now, this* is thy *all*.

—

## Italy and its Liberator.

---

O ITALY! beautiful Slave of the South,  
 How long hast thou languished 'neath tyranny's sway,  
 But now may'st thou raise thy fair neck from the dust,  
 And hail the bright dawning of Liberty's day!

Thy olive-trees bloomed, and thy Poet-sons sang.  
 And the wealth of thy genius went forth o'er the  
 earth:  
 And the stranger-land reaped the rich fruits of thy  
 store,  
 While bleeding and crushed lay the land of their  
 birth.

Thy Beauty was ashes! Thy garlands were hung  
 O'er a charnel-house foul with deep wrongs, and deep  
 woe.  
 Where a thousand brave hearts of thy noblest and best  
 Have groaned forth the anguish no mortal may know.

But the voice of thy groaning kind Heaven has heard,  
And has nerved the brave heart of thy lowly-born Son  
To fight the hard conflict of Right against Might,  
And he lays at thy feet the bright crown he has won!

No dreams of Ambition have stirred that brave heart:—  
GARIBALDI! for Freedom alone hast thou striven;  
And lo! thou hast triumphed—the land thou hast saved  
In deep gratitude lifts up a free voice to Heaven.

And we of the Isle on the far western wave,  
Tho' strangers to all but thy world-echoed Name,  
Would press thy rough hand in a brother's warm clasp—  
Rejoice in thy triumph and honour thy fame!

For truly our hearts have gone forth on thy path:  
Tho' in this our free England we never may know  
The deep wrongs that have stirred thee to do and to dare,  
And strike the foul Upas-tree down at a blow!

Thou wert noble in triumph—O nobler far, now!  
In thine islet of peace calmly casting aside  
The snares which have dazzled Rome's great ones of yore,  
Till they stumbled and fell in the hour of their pride;

There was a moment of sorrow and anguish,  
Thy brave heart half-broken by falsehood and wrong;  
But time hath brought balm and hath taught us the  
    lesson—  
By the pain of her heroes doth freedom grow strong.

Yet mayst thou triumph! thy life's noble purpose  
Must see its fruition. The work is not done,  
Till the Queen of the Sea, and the Seven-hilled City—  
Fair Venice, and Rome, are for Italy won.



## Anita.

A BRIDAL MORN; but ushered in  
 By no superb array ;  
 No peal of bells, no sumptuous feast  
 Proclaimed her wedding day.  
 No gleam of pearl, or silken sheen  
 Shone o'er that fair young bride,  
 Who stood in holy faith that day,  
 By Garibaldi's side.

Yet ne'er were bridal vows breathed forth,  
 From heart more nobly true ;  
 No deeper love was ever won,  
 Than that Anita knew.  
 The ardent zeal which filled his breast,  
 Flashed in her earnest eye ;  
 Ready with him in Freedom's cause  
 To conquer, or to die.

Straight from the altar to the fight,  
    With heart that never quailed ;  
While round her fell the rain of death,  
    She fainted not, nor failed.  
This was her bridal ; fitting type  
    Of all her after-life ;  
Where'er the fearless husband went  
    There went his fearless wife.

At last ! the life of faithful love  
    Sank in a lonely grave—  
She sleeps beneath the southern sky,  
    Beside the southern wave ;  
And woe ! for him to wander forth,  
    And tread the world alone ;  
Whatever time might keep in store,  
    It seemed that love was gone.

Yet 'tis not so,—the babe whose smile  
    Had made their struggles sweet,—  
Drew with his life the same true soul  
    That in her bosom beat.

Menotti stands, a living shield  
By his brave father's side ;  
Love had not faded from his life  
Although Anita died.





## Aspromonte.

"ROME OR DEATH!" the cry thrilled forth  
 Upon the startled air—  
 Not shouted in defiant tones,  
 But in imploring prayer.  
 While through the Autumn's clustering vines  
 A Patriot-band passed by;  
 Their Southern natures all aglow,  
 Their bosoms beating high.

For once, again, their Chieftain's voice  
 Had called them from afar—  
 Once more their Chieftain's flag unfurled,  
*Italia Unita!*  
 And "ROME OR DEATH!" Marsala heard  
 And echoed forth the cry;  
 Palermo's thousands thrilled to see  
 The far-off hope drawn nigh:

“ROMO-O-MORTE!” Catania’s voice  
The midnight silence broke—  
As with one start, and with one voice  
The sleeping City woke.  
And oh! for that great noble heart,  
Could *less* than Rome suffice?  
The hope of all those patient years  
Of toil and sacrifice!

O, but to free their country’s hands  
From odious foreign chain,  
And see the crown of ancient days  
Upon her brow again!  
So through the fragrant myrtle bowers  
They sped their hopeful way;  
Their morrow brightened with the glow  
That lit their yesterday.

There was a waking from that dream,  
That sunlight sank in shade;  
They went to strive for Italy—  
But Italy betrayed!

So Aspromonte! 'twas for thee  
To hear the parting knell  
Of trust in kingly gratitude  
When Garibaldi fell!

He fell—and long death hovered o'er  
His prison-couch of pain,  
But God in mercy brought him back  
To life and hope again.  
And now, O Country, twice enriched,  
He still exists for thee—  
Not "ROME OR DEATH," but "ROME AND LIFE,"  
To win for Italy.



## A Welcome to Garibaldi.

---

CROWNED kings and mighty potentates  
 Have fought our island shore,  
 Laden with gifts of gems and gold  
 To add unto our store.  
 To many a noble one we've given  
 A welcome full and free,  
 But none more earnest or more true  
 Than that which waits for thee.  
 Hero and Patriot, loved by all  
 Who only know thy name,  
 Which o'er a slowly waking world  
 In startling magic came,  
 Coupled with deeds so great, and rare  
 That, when their tale was told,  
 It seemed as we had turned to read  
 Some wondrous page of old.

Uncrowned and sceptreless thou comest,  
Yet not the less a king,  
Whose honoured name, o'er history's page,  
A glorious light shall fling  
Great as Leonidas of old,  
And yet a greater one  
Than Rienzi—Rome's patriot son,  
And last ill-starred tribune.  
Though the long years we sadly gazed  
O'er those fair classic plains,  
And palace-crested hills which lay  
Crushed in the tyrant's chains ;  
That land of sunshine, flowers, and song,  
The home of tears and gloom,  
Beneath whose cloudless Heaven stood  
St. Elmo's living tomb.  
We fought and waited, 'till at length,  
Triumphant o'er her foes,  
Strong-nerved, thy Italy to save,  
Thou, GARIBALDI, rose.  
And England's heart went with thee then  
Upon thy conquering way—  
The same great heart which proudly bids  
Thee welcome here to-day.

It is alone that thou hast trod  
Italia's flavedom down,  
Nor that such stirring memories wreath  
About thy laurel crown—  
Of royal Naples won to life,  
Of Capua free once more,  
Varese unbound, and Freedom's song  
By Como's lovely shore.  
Nor less those Aspromontine plains  
Stained with the martyr blood  
Of one who only fought to work  
An ingrate country's good.  
We welcome thee, and honour thee,  
Most for that loyal heart,  
Whose high ambition could afford  
To set itself apart,  
And let the crown and sceptre pass,  
As glittering baubles by,  
Whilst thou, unbought, content, and poor,  
Still liv'st for liberty.

— and —

## Farewell to Garibaldi.

---

FAREWELL ! We speak the parting words  
     Reluctant, sad, and slow,  
 And feel, with bosoms strangely stirred,  
     We scarce can let thee go.  
 We fain had held thee longer here,  
     Most loved, most honoured guest ;  
 But, trusting thee, we strive to feel  
     E'en this is for the best.

To welcome thee, our palace gates  
     Were widely open flung !  
 To welcome thee, our teeming throngs  
     Thy name in rapture sung !  
 And Garibaldi, in *thy* heart  
     We know will be enshrined  
 Fond memories of the English shores  
     Thou leavest far behind.

Once, *but a name* upon our lips :  
 We hail thee *Brother* now :  
 We've grasped thy hand, we've gazed upon  
 Thy grave and kindly brow.  
 Thy pleasant presence in our midst—  
 Thy smile—thy earnest tone—  
 Are memories that will keep their charm  
 For many a year to come.

Thou'rt gone ! But *now* new power shall gild  
 The prestige of thy name :  
 A new-born strength of heart and arm  
 Shall nerve thee in thine aim  
 When on thy conquering march to win  
 All that is good and free !  
*Thou* knowest—and the world, too, knows—  
 That England is with thee.

Then, fare-thee-well, Guest—Brother—Friend !  
 The lessening sail which bears  
 Thee to thy lone and sea-girt home  
 Is freighted with our prayers,



Our sympathy, our love, our hopes,  
That thou wilt strength regain,  
And in some brighter, happier days,  
Come to our land again.

—my dear—

To His Royal Highness the Prince  
of Wales.

---

AS from a starless night of gloom  
Breaks forth the joyful day,  
Whose golden hues of new-born light  
Chafe all the clouds away ;  
So, merging from its clouds of grief,  
The Nation hails the dawn,  
And greets with joy, Young Prince of Wales,  
Thy happy Wedding Morn.

Hark ! o'er the land ten thousand spires  
Peal forth their glad acclaim,  
And every English heart invokes  
A blessing on thy name ;  
And prays for life-long happiness  
For thee and thy fair Bride,  
Whose love may bring thee greater joy  
Than all thy wealth beside.

Whose young life holds thy Truth, thy Faith,  
 Thine heart's-love all her own;  
 Gems of a lustre brighter far  
 Than even England's crown;  
 And counts the privilege more dear  
 To share a happy home,  
 Than all the glitter of a Court,  
 Or glory of a Throne.

Born to Earth's noblest heritage,  
 Our Hope, our Pride, our Heir;  
 The "triple plume" ne'er waved above  
 A princely path more fair.  
 No longer 'mid the battle borne,  
 A Victor's flaming crest,  
 In Peace its ancient glory shines,  
 With ten-fold lustre blest,

God send thee ever Peace and Joy—  
 Peace in thy palace-home;  
 Peace over all thy broad fair realm  
 That hails thee as her own.

May our lov'd Albert's wife, pure life,  
In thine reflected be,  
That Queen and People both may feel  
He lives again in thee.

*— and so on —*

England's Welcome to Her Royal Highness  
the Princess Alexandra of Denmark,  
our future Queen.

---

ALEXANDRA! from thy northern home,  
Across the stormy sea,  
To our fair Island of the West,  
In joy, we welcome thee.

Our cannons boom, our banners wave,  
Joy-bells from spire and dome,  
And earnest voices, welcome thee  
To thine adopted home.

Our garlands wave their wreaths of bloom,  
Bright o'er thy fair young head;  
And maidens strew the path with flowers  
Where first thy feet shall tread;

And, with our glittering array  
Of ancient pomp and pride,  
We hail thee, Daughter of the Land,  
Our Prince's chosen Bride!

Though still perhaps thine heart may ache  
 With pain of parting tears,  
 Shed o'er thy Fatherland and home  
 Of all thy happy years.

Yet weep not. Maiden never won  
 A brighter destiny  
 Of princely wealth and regal power  
 Than that which waits for thee ;

But more than these : a happier lot  
 Than crown or throne might prove :  
 Thou comest to share, with Albion's heir,  
 A Home of Peace and Love !

And, many-voiced, the nation prays  
 That sky which looks so fair,  
 May ne'er for thee be shaded o'er  
 With clouds of grief or care.

But long, long years of happy life  
 To thee and thine be given ;  
 Bright earnest of a brighter one  
 Which waits for thee in Heaven.

Address to our beloved Queen on the  
Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

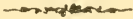
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DEAR Sovereign Lady of our Land,  
 So lov'd through happy years,  
 And held in deeper reverence,  
 In sorrow and in tears ;  
 The people of thy gentle sway,  
 In tender silence stood ;  
 Whilst o'er thee swept the first dark waves  
 Of thy sad Widowhood.

We wept, and ever weep with thee  
 By thy lov'd Albert's tomb,  
 Whose life so wise, so pure, so great,  
 Was quenched in Death so soon ;  
 As we have grieved, so in this hour  
 Of deep and chastened joy,  
 We gently at thy feet would lay  
 A Nation's sympathy.

O may thine heart be glad oncc more,  
    May children's loving care  
Pierce through the clouds which shroud its joy  
    And paint a rainbow there ;  
We pray that new-born hopes and joys  
    Thy future years may blefs,  
And bid that tender heart awake  
    Anew to happinefs.

May He who watches o'er thy path  
    His heavenly peace fend down,  
And grant the current of thy life  
    May tranquilly glide on ;  
And that pure shrine of household love,  
    Blefs'd by His gracious hand,  
Still shed its hallowed influence  
    O'er our well favor'd land !





In Memory of Mrs. Mary Wood,  
Chicago, America.

---

IN MEMORY; in memory of one  
 Who walked Life's journey as 'tis seldom trod,  
 Bright witness of the Faith which ruled her life  
 And made it beautiful, to man and God.  
 A life of gentlest charity, and love  
 Shedding far round the lustre of its rays  
 Whose calm consistency and holy truth  
 Graced her fair youth, and crowned her latest days.

In loving memory of her whose love  
 Made her far home a place of peaceful rest  
 Through all life's storms, in every grief and care,  
 To those who 'neath her influence were blest.  
 Wife, mother, sister, friend, in all  
 Life's sweet relationships, she filled her part  
 Perfect before His sight, who only knows  
 The inmost workings of His creature's heart.

In forrowing memory of her who fleeps  
In her far grave, acrofs th' Atlantic fea,  
Whofe voice and fmile may never more rejoice  
The heart who treafured her dear memory,  
Mourning; yet not as others mourn; for fhe  
In joy has entered her eternal reft,  
In the fair land where grief may never come,  
Happy for ever, and for ever bleft.



“Not Dead, but Gone Before.”

---

DEAR LITTLE ADA: ah! how soon  
 The golden links were riven;  
 How soon thou’st winged thine angel-flight  
 Back to thy native heaven.

Thy parents weep; ah, could their care  
 Have kept thee by their side,  
 Or tenderest love availed thee aught,  
 Thou, darling, had’st not died.

They loved thee, but ’twas thine to know  
 An even greater love,  
 E’en His who took thee from their arms  
 To dwell with Him above.

Took thee in earliest morning hours  
 While thy fair infant life  
 Scarce stained by sin, unknown to woe  
 Passed from a world of strife.

Dear cherished one ; how hard it seemed,  
To lay thee down so soon ;  
And feel how many happy hopes  
Lie broken in thy tomb.

But it is best ; for who can tell  
What weight of grief or care,  
If to thy life long years had come,  
Thou might'st have had to bear ?

Thy tiny grave, beneath the trees,  
May call forth bitter tears,  
And pierce with many a sorrow-pang  
The joy of future years.

But thou art blest, at rest for aye,  
Free from all grief and pain ;  
And thou shalt lead their hearts to where  
Ye all shall meet again.



## Consolation.

---

O MOTHER ! e'en in this sad hour  
 Of deep, and bitter Grief,  
 Be comforted, for He who smites,  
 Doth also send relief.  
 Be comforted, tho' in thy pain,  
 The joy Existence gave,  
 Seems buried where thy dear one sleeps  
 Within her early grave.

For many a Mother, weeping, too,  
 For a beloved One gone,  
 May have no anchor, such as thine,  
 In storms to rest upon.  
 No Faith like thine whose eye can see,  
 Beyond the silent grave,  
 The Glory of the Life He gives,  
 Who gave His own to save.

And many passing through the Shade,  
Like her in Life's bright Youth,  
Have passed beneath the awful porch,  
Unknowing Hope, or Truth.  
Or Faith like hers, whose mighty power,  
Bridged o'er the gulf of Death,  
And bade her sing of Peace, and Heaven  
E'en with her latest breath.

'Tis hard to leave her cold, and lone,  
The nestling of thy breast,  
But sweet to think of her above,  
Safe, happy, and at rest.  
'Tis hard to feel her loving voice,  
From hence has ever gone,  
But sweet to think that voice is raised  
In praise before the Throne.

She passed in brightest morning hours,  
E're shade of doubt or care  
Had touched her heart—but who knows what  
Years might have brought to bear?

'Tis well: The Hand who gave Thy child,  
Sent e'en this stroke in love,  
The bud ye mis' fo' fore at home  
Is safer far above.

—END—

To the Queen, on the Death of her late  
Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

---

ROYAL LADY! while thou weepst forth  
Thine heart's great weight of grief,  
In this sad hour when all thy state  
Can bring thee no relief—  
The People of thy gentle rule  
Stand hushed and silent by ;  
And softly at thy feet would lay  
A nation's sympathy.

As in thy golden hours of joy,  
We, too, have gladdened been ;  
And gloried in the happiness  
Of our Beloved Queen—  
So do we mourn o'er that first shade  
Which on thy path is shed ;  
And tenderly would weep with thee  
O'er that Beloved Dead.



And many-voiced, in earnest tones,  
A Nation's prayers ascend,  
That thou wilt heavenly comfort gain  
From HIM, the Mourner's Friend ;  
And e'en rejoice so fair a life  
Such peace in death has won,  
And everlasting bliss been gained  
For thy departed one.

The tenderest memories will fling  
A halo round her name,  
Whose gentle wisdom led thy youth,  
And blessed thy happy reign.  
And now a brighter diadem  
Than ever monarch wore,  
Graces her brow, in that blest Land  
Where pain shall be no more !



## A Nation's Lament on the Death of Albert, the Consort of the Queen.

---

DARK is the shadow, and bitter the sorrow,  
 Which wide o'er the breadth of our Country is  
 spread :

Loud and deep is the cry of her great lamentation—  
 The voice of a Nation bewailing her dead !

Death has entered the Palace—fulfilled his dread mission ;  
 Desolation sits brooding in that Royal Home,  
 Where late the pure joys of domestic affection  
 Eclipsed e'en the splendour which circled the Throne.

O well may ye weep—Sons and Daughters of England !  
 O'er the Presence departed which lately did shine  
 As the noblest of Princes, the pride of the Nation,  
 Passed away in the glory of Manhood's fair prime.

The grey Castle stands in its old regal grandeur,  
 Holds still the cold glitter of sceptre and sway—  
 But all that remains of its dearly loved Master,  
 Is a cold, shrouded form of insensible clay !

Mourn!—not for him—since the God who has  
 smitten

Knoweth best His own time; and “His great will  
 done;”

Since we dare to believe that the loved Prince  
 departed

Has exchanged Earth’s poor state for a far brighter  
 home!

But weep for our Sovereign, for her Children thus  
 stricken;

Overwhelmed in the anguish of this mighty grief.

Alas for such sorrow!—*One* only can soothe it—

May He look on the Mourners, and send them relief!

Poor Queen!—written “*Widow*”—so late blest and  
 happy!

Less our pride as a Monarch, than Mother and Wife;

We mingle our tears o’er the Grave where has faded

For ever, the love-light which gladdened thy life.

Beloved of thy people—twice dear in thy sorrow!

Every heart shares thy grief, every lip breathes a  
 prayer:

God comfort and bless thee, till, in His own season,

He calls thee, the bliss of thy lost one to share.

## The Children's Appeal.

---

“ ONLY THE LITTLE ONES,” you say,

“ Stopping us on our busy way—  
Small pleadings—pass them by.”

Ah! ye the rich and well-to-do,  
With Children blest, and happy too,  
Lift to our lowly cry.

We, Children of the suffering Poor,

Your kind and generous help implore  
To raise a Sunday School,

Where we may learn Truth's pleasant ways,  
Be taught to know in early days  
Religion's gentle rule.

Our lives are hard; alas! 'tis ours

To gather more of thorns than flowers  
Along the rugged road;

But ye may bless our lowly lot,  
Teach us to bear, and murmur not,  
And lift our hearts to God.

O tender hearts ! by all the love  
Upon your own bestowed—  
By all your blessings given—  
Let us too learn of higher life,  
Of strength to meet the world's fierce strife,  
Of peace and rest in Heaven.

—

## The City Hospital.

---

GIVE, GIVE! how oft the hungry call  
 Has fallen on your ear,  
 Burthened with many a plaintive sigh,  
 And many a falling tear;  
 So oft, perchance, that in thy heart  
 The funny, loving ray  
 Of Charity—sweet Charity—  
 Hath almost died away.

Yet here it comes, with greater force;  
 O close not heart and hand,  
 But, by the noblest impulse led,  
 Bid thy whole soul expand—  
 Expand, and melt; that sick, and sad,  
 And suffering ones may find  
 By thy free, generous, gracious aid  
 That "Charity is kind."

Though now the tide of life and health  
Glides calmly through each vein,  
Clear brains to think, strong arms to work,  
And scarce a thought of pain ;  
Yet think thee of those days gone by  
When life was not so fair,  
When pain and sickness made that life  
A burden hard to bear.

When by thy couch of languishing,  
The tenderest care and love  
Spent all their power of gentleness,  
Yet often failed to soothe,  
Till the Great Healer's gracious hand  
Rolled back the tide of pain,  
And gave once more the precious gifts  
Of health and strength again.

In grateful memory of that time  
Your willing offerings bring  
For those who suffer all the pain  
With Want's sharp, added sting,

But who may find the help they need  
In these wide-opened doors,  
If only Charity will give  
Some of her blessed stores.

—END—



## A Plea for Ragged Schools.

---

STAY: ye who tread life's pleasant ways,  
     Whose path lies through the flowers;  
 Bright skies o'er head, and scarce a cloud  
     To shade the summer hours.  
 It may be, in your favored lot  
     Not many thoughts arise  
 Of that great misery which lives  
     Beneath the same bright skies,  
 Which round your path, within your reach,  
     Drags out its weary life  
 Of craving want, and gaunt despair,  
     And sin's unholy strife;  
 Not many thoughts (while round your knees  
     Your little children press,  
 And warm your heart with sunny smile  
     And innocent cares,)  
 Of childhood in another guise,  
     Bereaven of its grace,  
 Shorn in the furrow of its birth  
     Of every pleasant trace.

Yet such there are, but o'er their fate,  
    There dawns a glimmering ray,  
Which, with God's help, at length may break  
    Into meridian day.  
Blessings on those who've lent their zeal  
    To feed, to teach, reclaim,  
And lead these "Arabs of the street"  
    To win a better name.  
To find that they may share the gifts  
    God's gracious hands send down—  
For them the recompense of toil—  
    For them a heavenly crown.  
Workers for good: O may ye find  
    Rich harvest for your toil,  
Fair flowers, and fruits to spring to life  
    E'en from this barren soil.  
Still from the blackness of their lot  
    Bright gems may sparkling shine;  
Still from the darkness may break forth  
    The latent spark divine,  
Which kindling 'neath the influence  
    Of gentle, guiding hand,  
May make our Ragged Schools to be  
    The blessing of the land.

## The Power of Small Things.

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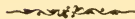
AS drop by drop, the ocean vast  
 Swelled 'neath its Maker's hand ;  
 As grain by grain, the mighty hills  
 Rose o'er the pleafant land ;

As leaf by leaf, and bud by bud,  
 And blade by blade unfurled,  
 A myriad tiny things make up  
 The beauty of a world.

And as the works of human skill,  
 The pride of many a land,  
 The palace dome, the giant bridge  
 Have, ftone by ftone, been fpanned ;

So, in the hiftory of our lives,  
 The law is ftill the fame  
 A thoufand trifles make the fum,  
 Of happinefs, or pain.

Small deeds of help, small words of love,  
Dropped on this path of ours  
May make the rugged way all bright  
With sunshine, and with flowers.



## The First Decade, 1861.

---

TEN YEARS AGO, my dearest love,  
 Ten years ago to-day ;  
 Since that bright morn, when hopefully  
 We started on our way.  
 Joined heart, and hand, and pledged to walk  
 Life's chequered journey through,  
 In undivided Love, and Trust,  
 Firm, faithfully, and true.

Ten happy years ! tho' in their sweep  
 Some changes have been cast  
 About our path ;—yet Love and Faith  
 Have ne'er been overcast.  
 Care's finger, too, some deeper lines  
 Upon thy brow has traced ;  
 And the world's harsh hands, some early dreams  
 May rudely have effaced.

Yet ours has been a bleſſèd lot,  
Our Sorrows have but been  
Like birds of paſſage, fled away,  
And left our lives ſerene.  
Men praiſe thee : and my proud heart beats  
To know through riſing Fame,  
Beside our quiet hearth at home,  
'Thy love is ſtill the ſame.

Ten years ago, we were but two,  
Now, round our lives is bound  
Five-fold—a bright and flowery chain,  
Strong, circling us around.  
And the glad ſound of Childhood's voice,  
Makes muſic in our home,  
And cheers our hearts with brighteſt hopes  
Of happy years to come.

God grant, dear love, the brighteſt ones,  
May full fruition ſee ;  
And Wife, and Children ever prove  
True bleſſings unto thee.

And thankfully we'll raise our hearts,  
To that Almighty Friend,  
Who thus has blest us, and we trust  
Will bless us to the end.

— *W. H. W.* —

## Parting Adverts to a Dear Brother.

---

FAREWELL, DEAR BOY, if earnest prayers,  
 A thousand in an hour,  
 Breathed from the hearts who love thee well,  
 To Heaven's protecting power—  
 If warmest wishes can avail  
 Thy future lot to bless,  
 Then will thy path be bright indeed  
 With life-long happiness.

Farewell! and when thou'rt far away  
 From thy dear childhood's home—  
 When to thy heart the tender pain  
 Of memory shall come—  
 Whether beneath the stranger sky,  
 Or on the deep, wild sea—  
 Believe, our fondest memories  
 Will EVER COMPASS THEE;



For we shall, oft and sadly, miss  
Thy pleasant voice and smile,  
Whose music, by the hearth thou'lt left,  
Would many an hour beguile ;  
Yet tho' for many weary months  
Thy vacant place we mourn,  
We look, on some bright future day,  
To hail thy bright return.

Thine onward path looks bright and fair—  
Thus may it ever be ;  
And fairest hopes and brightest dreams  
Their full fruition see ;  
And may the sorrow of this hour—  
This pain of parting tears—  
Be all forgotten in the smiles  
Of future happy years.

Remember this: when upward thou  
Thy wondering glance shall turn  
To that great canopy of Heaven,  
Where tropic glories burn,

It is the same fair sky that shines  
Above thine own dear land,  
Spread by the same Almighty power,  
The same protecting hand.

And to the hand of that dear God,  
We, trusting, leave thee now ;  
And may He lead and guide thee safe  
Thy life's whole journey through.  
Look up to Him ! for in His love  
Thou safely may'st depend ;  
And then in form or shine thou'lt find  
An everlasting Friend.



## Reminiscences.

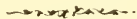
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OLD HOUSE! Old Home of happy years!

I cannot pass thee by  
 With careless steps of unconcern,  
 Or cold, indifferent eye :  
 I yet must tread thy silent rooms  
 With fond and clinging heart,  
 Though cold, and bare, and desolate,  
 And tenantless thou art.  
 Strangers will hold thee for their own,  
 And nevermore mine ear  
 Shall catch, within thy well-known porch,  
 The welcome held so dear.  
 Though grand in modern style and taste  
 The new abode may stand,  
 Though thither with glad steps I seek  
 The dear-loved household band,—  
 Yet thy green nooks of leafy shade,  
 Thy corners quaint to see,  
 Grown out of fashion to some eyes,  
 Will still be dear to me.

It does not seem so long ago  
When, to my childish eyes,  
Fresh from th' unlovely streets, thou wert  
A very paradise !  
And swift, beneath thine honoured roof,  
The years have swept away,  
Calmly and kind, with scarce a shade  
Flung o'er the pleasant way.  
Changes have come : the glossy curls  
That graced our Mother's brow,  
Once black as raven's ebon wing,  
Are mixed with silver now ;—  
And twenty years of busy toil,  
Have left their silent trace,  
Though writ in soft and gentle lines,  
Upon our Father's face.  
Beneath thy roof the nestlings grew,  
And their young wings unfurled,  
Then from its safe and pleasant shade  
Flew forth into the world.  
Yet never, never, to forget  
Their childhood's happy home,  
And oft, beside its social hearth,  
A joyful band to come.

Nor hast thou lost thy charm ; that now  
Come children not a few,  
Another bright-faced band who've learned  
To know and love thee too.  
This much, and more, I reverent feel  
For thee, Old House, Old Home,  
Such blessing has hung o'er thy roof  
That few can call their own.  
With deepest thankfulness to God,  
O let the words be said,  
For us thy walls have never held  
The dear, the confined dead.  
O may the same good, gracious power  
That thus has blessed thee so,  
Alike watch over "Sunny-side,"  
And equal gifts bestow :  
For *there* are those who made thee dear,  
And *there* our hearts must dwell,  
Though thus I say, with moistened eyes,  
Old House,—Old Home,—Farewell !



## Richard Cobden,

*Died April 7th, 1865.*

---

LO! England mourns her dead once more,  
 Another noble one  
 Has left his place, and laid him down,  
 Before his work seemed done.  
 Her Senate has a vacant place,  
 Which through the years to come,  
 Will sacred to his memory stand,  
 Her latest patriot son.

Finished on earth, the life twice crowned  
 With glorious deeds and rare—  
 Achieved through long and waiting years  
 Of patient toil and care.  
 And hushed the voice, and still the lip,  
 O'er which so oft has rolled  
 The burning eloquence of truth,  
 Resistless, uncontrolled.

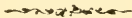
Great, and above earth's empty things  
Of gilded pomp and pride ;  
Quiet he passed along his path,  
And unadorned he died.  
Yet what will future ages tell  
Of that plain patient life,  
What triumphs gained, what battles won,  
In noble bloodless strife ?

Of ancient prejudice o'ercome,  
And flood-gates open hurled,  
To let the tide of commerce free  
For England and the world.  
While poverty took from his hands  
The boon of cheapened food—  
And unborn tongues shall echo still,  
" He worked his country's good."

While 'neath the pleasant country trees  
We see him laid to rest,  
And feel 'tis better he should sleep  
With those he loved the best,

Yet the Royal Minister by the Thames  
Had been a fitting shrine,  
For one who thought, and lived, and strove,  
The purest of his time.

Peace and farewell, great dead—men's strife  
Shall never pain thee more—  
The peace and joy of heaven are thine  
To hold for evermore.  
And humbler lives may catch from thine  
Some beams of that pure light,  
Which flings a halo round thy name,  
So radiantly bright.





## Abraham Lincoln,

*Assassinated April 14th, 1865.*

---

A PAUSE of quiet in the storm,  
 A dream of sorrow past,  
 An eager whispering of hope  
 That Peace was near at last;  
 And then—Oh! who can probe the depths  
 Of that recoil of pain,  
 When lips in horror told the tale  
 Of LINCOLN basely slain?

Dead; dead—and swift thro' North and South  
 The wail of anguish went;  
 Dead! dead! "And who shall now avenge  
 The murdered President?"  
 Asked voices breaking with the pain  
 Of bitter tears unshed,  
 As the awed millions gazed their last  
 Upon the martyred dead.

Laid in his last long sleep, methinks  
'Tis nothing to him now,  
That Death came in such awful guise,  
To smooth his care-worn brow ;  
And fold the wings of heavenly Peace  
Around that honest breast,  
Which burdened with it's country's woe  
Might well have longed for rest.

'Tis nothing now, what blame or praise  
The voice of man bestowed,  
He trod a straight and honest path  
And left the rest with God.  
And tho' his silent death-sealed lips  
Will never speak again,  
The mighty echo of his voice  
*For ever* will remain.

That voice, which rising 'mid the storm,  
Calm, resolute and brave,  
Dared to proclaim thro' blood and scorn  
The freedom of the Slave!

The present, blind, and deaf and dumb,  
    It's best things may not see,  
But future years will bless his name,  
    Who stamped that future *free*.

He is avenged—not by the blood  
    Of yon poor wasted life—  
Avenged by purer, nobler things,  
    Than these sad scenes of strife ;  
Avenged by all the manhood won  
    From Slavery and Chain,  
By all the joy that has eclipsed  
    The memory of pain.

Avenged by all the bliss that thrills  
    The mother's grateful heart,  
Who knows that *now* she need not fear  
    From home and babes to part.  
Avenged by every bright young life  
    To hope and gladness given,  
By every soul *of these* redeemed  
    To share the joys of heaven.



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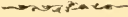
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